

The Blink-Ey'd COBLER.

Tune of *The HOG-TUB.*



ALL you that delight in Merriment,
Come listen unto my Song.
It is very new, and I certain new;
you shall not tarry long.
Before that you laugh your Belly-full,
therefore be pleased to stay;
I hope you will be pleased,
before that you go away.

It is of an old Knight in *Derbyshire*,
who had a handsome Son.
He kept a handsome Chambermaid,
who had his Favour won.
They dearly lov'd each other,
being full of Sport and Play,
Until he got her Belly up,
as I have heard them say.

In Tears she told the Story:
my dearest Dear, said she,
I am no less than Twenty Weeks
now gone With Child by thee.
He said, Love be contented;
that's all which can be said:
And do not let my Father know,
for on *Sunday* we will wed.

But mind how cruel Fortune
their Fates did seem to force.
The old Man stood in a Corner,
and heard their whole Discourse.

Next Morning he call'd the Chambermaid
likewise the Youth, his Son;
And with a smiling, sneering Look,
the Story he thus begun.

He said, I wish you both much Joy,
you are to wed on *Sunday*;
But I pray now be rul'd by me,
and put it off till *Monday*:
It will but be one Day the longer;
with that he laugh'd out-right,
But I'm resolv'd to part you both,
for fear it should be To-Night.

He paid the Girl her Wages,
and home straightways her sent.
And him confin'd in his Chamber,
in Tears for to lament.
Next Morning away for *London*,
along with a sturdy Guide:
To his Uncle's House in *Cornhill*,
and there for to abide.

But as he rode along the Way,
he said unto his Guide,
I will give thee Twenty Guineas,
to let me step aside.
Because this very Morning
one Word my Father said;
The same I do remember,
and keep it in my Head:

The Guide he straightways gave Consent,
and he went to his Sweetheart *Sue*.
Then told to her the Story,
and what he design'd to do;
Disguis'd like a poor Cobler,
with a long old musty Beard:
With a Leather Coat not worth a Groat,
to his Father's House he steer'd.

He knocked boldly at the Door,
and when his Father came,
He said, Sir, are you such a one?
he answer'd yes, I am.
He said, I understand your Son
a wanton Trick has play'd,
Unknown unto your Worship,
along with your Chambermaid.

I understand that some Money
with her you are free to give,
To help to keep the Child and she,
so long as they both live.
Now I am an honest Cobler
which do live here hard-by.
For Fifty Pounds I'll marry her,
If that will but satisfy.

The Old Man answered, before
the Money I do pay,
I will see her fairly married,
and give her my-self away.
With all my Heart, the Cobler
unto the Old Man did say.
With that he fetch'd the Fifty Pounds,
and the Bargain he made straitway.

And when they came unto the Church,
as we do understand,
The Old Man strutted boldly,
and took her by the Hand.
Saying, Heavens bless you from above,
and send you long to live.
And as a Token of my Love,
this Fifty Pounds I give.

They parted very friendly,
the Old Man home he went.
The Bride and Bridegroom rode away,
to *LONDON*, by Consent.
Where she was fairly brought to Bed,
with Joy and much Content.
A Letter into the Country,
to his Father then he sent.

Sir, I think it my Duty,
and am bound to acquaint thee,
That there is a Lady in the City
which has fallen in Love with me.
Five Thousand Pounds a Year she has got
all in good House and Land,
Then if you're willing for the Match,
come to *LONDON* out of hand.

The Old Man got his Coach ready,
and up to *LONDON* came:
For to view this charming Lady,
which was of Birth and Fame.
Then coming to his Brother's House,
this Beauty for to view;
He little thought this Beauty bright
had been his Old Servant *SUE*.

With Gold and Silver Spangles
she was bewray'd all round:
The Noise of her Portion it was spread
for so many Thousand Pound.
The Old Man call'd his Son aside,
and thus to him did say;
Take my Advice, and marry her,
my dearest Child, this Day.

That Morning they were married,
and Dinner being done:
The Old Man being mellow,
a Story he thus begun.
He said, dear Son, I will tell you
and nothing but what is true;
A poor blinking one-eyed Cobler
has marry'd your Sweetheart *SUE*.

The Young-man kept a little aside,
as I to you must confess.
And then within a short Time
he put on his Cobler's Dress.
Then taking his *SUSAN* by the Hand,
they fell on their bended Knees,
Saying, pardon, dear honoured Father,
pardon us both, if you please.

For I am *JOHN* the Cobler:
and this is my Sweetheart *SUE*.
O pardon us, dear Father;
because I do tell you true;
If thou art the Cobler, said the Old Man,
which had the blinking Eye;
Thou hast cobl'd me out of a thousand pound
and a Fox on thy Policy.

The Uncle he persuaded him,
and did the rest of the Guest.
The Old Man fell a Laughing,
and said, I must confess,
That I cannot be angry:
then straight these Words did say.
I pray fetch in the Fiddlers,
for we'll be merry this Day.

Now we may see the Old and Rich,
are bit by Policy:
For Beauty, Wit, and good Manners
beyond all Riches be.
So here's a good Health to the Cobler,
with another to honest *SUE*.
Let every one drink off his Glass,
without any more ado.